Rome Oct. 3rd

Tolfa Sept. 26th 1875

My dear Tom

Your last letter was very pleasant, for you were making real progress, you were able to walk in your Street, to dress yourself & you had actually composed 3 new songs - all which I reckon as very certain that this servant will find you still mending

I am afraid that I cannot write you any thing very entertaining for here I am again ~~recticating~~, with ~~nothing~~ new, but a pair of gloves great strolls in the mor: great snores after my dinner, snapping my fingers at the world & my Bowels always in good order - "cosa volete piu di dio"

Now you'd be amused with the mountain ~~torrents~~ here which carry every thing before em, large stones & trees - but the rain last for a short time & this is well - The Vintage this year will be a sad failure, the grapes are few & bad, but the rain having come at last may help a little - The mountain towns in the rain is very ~~tedious~~ & there is nothing entertaining but ones dinner which luckily takes place at 12 o'clock & as I rise early at 6 ½ so the early dinner is really acceptable - there is always an excellent soup to begin with, then a fry of Fish & Vegetables

Then comes the boiled & the roast — Peaches & Figs good & abundant — sometimes a pudding & also nice maccaroni done with gravy — the wine is very good — I pay 4.2 a day this includes my room & good bed — breakfast coffee bread & butter and supper at 9 of Fish & Vegetables — Tho I have often stewed peaches & also the advice & aid of the Doctor into the bargain — This time for 3 months I have been always well & never have had to take any medicine — On the 30 Sept.r I go to Rome with the good Doctor & I assure you this will be a great pleasure — My pension just serves to stitch body & soul together or a close pinch as you'd say, but as my wants are few & my discretion great, so I hope to get along smoothly The Doctor & his family will be a great comfort for he is an excellent historian & great in science with apt memory & always able to give me a "Roland for my Oliver" — In Italian I live more with & for than in English for the elasticity of the language aids me & I have not lost a jot of that joyousness of soul & buoyishness of mind which you'll remember & which may yet enable me to produce some fine things in Music (that Gluck did his finest after 50) for I am now longing (as I am recovered) to pitch into my painting thicker than ever!! & I'll write my age on my pictures

your loving brother Jos

So just reckon on me F. in a few days as
certain — I must close in haste

your loving brother Joe